

SINCERITY:

A

P O E M.

Hæc œvi mihi prima dies, hæc limina vitæ. STATIUS.

—— Fair TRUTH, immortal Maid,
FRIENDSHIP in artless guise array'd,
HONOUR, and MORAL BEAUTY shine
With most attractive charms, with radiance most divine.

SHENSTONE.

William Sharp, jun.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, near Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn;
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M.DCC.LXIII.

SINGERS

9 0 E 11

The handwriting is rather good and clear.
 It is written in ink on a piece of paper.
 The paper is slightly aged and yellowed.
 The ink is a dark brown color.
 The handwriting is in a cursive style.
 The letters are well formed and distinct.
 The overall appearance is that of a well-written document.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY BILSON LEGGE,

SOMETIME,

FOR THE HONOUR AND ADVANTAGE OF Great Britain,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL MINISTERS OF STATE:

NOW

ONE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SHIRE FOR THE COUNTY OF SOUTHTON:

AND ALWAYS

IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY,

A VIGILANT OBSERVER AND SUPPORT;

THIS POETICAL ESSAY, ON

S I N C E R I T Y,

WITH PECULIAR FITNESS AS TO THE SUBJECT,

AND WITH ALL POSSIBLE DEFERENCE AND RESPECT OF THE HEART,

Is INSCRIBED,

By HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

NEWPORT,
ISLE OF WIGHT,

WM. SHARP, jun.

HENRY BILSON LEGG

FOR THE HONOR AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE HUMAN

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL REASONS OF

NOW

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL REASONS OF THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

A VIGILANT GUARDIAN AND

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

WITH REFERENCE TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

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THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

S I N C E R I T Y :

P O E T I C A L E S S A Y .

SILENT the * *Teian* Lyre—the *Cyprian* Flute,
That idly warbling *pleasure's* wanton notes,
Melt *resolution* on the lap of *sloth*. —
Improvement come ! awake the founding string,
Charm'd list'ner or to AKENSIDE or YOUNG, 5
Virtue's sweet fingers—Strains of joyance light
Thrill on the ear—Those by reflection tun'd
The soul deep-entering form blest music there.

* That merry wag, and sweet singer ANACREON, was a native of *Teios*.
His subjects of poetical rapture are, *Love and Wine*.

B

AND chief of moral beauty, without whom
 The front of valor, temperate restraint, 10
 Pompous munificence, or lengthen'd pray'r
 Sink to deformity; and scarcely boast
 A moment's glitter fore the mental eye,
 SINCERITY all hail! in snow-white vest,
 Whether thy dwelling on the velvet lawn 15
 Simple and elegant at once stands firm;
 While rose-complexion'd nymphs, and shepherds trim
 Await thy nod, all studious to perform
 Thy dictates mild: or whether thou art found
 With *Contemplation*, hoary-headed fire, 20
 Noting the motion of the heav'nly orbs,
 Creation's harmony, till ev'ry thought
 Is worship—or with well-continu'd deeds,
 Thou build'st a character of public worth,
 Thee I acknowledge fair: accept my lay; 25
 And on my weak attempts let conscience smile.

How vile the Hypocrite, of God abhor'd,
 Who safer to accomplish base design,

Borrows of strumpet *Cunning* ! skill'd to form
The courtly-polish'd phrase of studious zeal, 30
The look resembling Innocence, to pour
The tears of pity o'er another's woe ;
Or raptur'd smile of heart-partaking joy,
Trim to occasion, while the mind within
Belies appearance, and by Envy turn'd, 35
Pines at the prosp'rous, and would sink the fall'n.
Such is Pollution, with the face of *May* ;
A vulture fell, soft murmuring as the doves
By *Cupids* yok'd to *Cytherea's* car !

OFT have I seen fair cover'd Envy walk 40
As in the blooming garden of delight
Rearing the young flowers, while with secret care
She loos'd her vipers, ev'ry ravine tooth
That could deform and waste the goodly scene.
(So did that *Hebrew* captain, who with words 45
Of fairest salutation and regard
Address'd *Amasa*, while deep in his side

The murd'rous blade he plung'd). —What injur'd state
But curses Treachery as its deadliest foe,
Its sharpest wounds from her? What schemes of good, 50
Of good extensive, by the wise head form'd
And urg'd to enterprize by honest zeal,
And chear'd by hope's full promise have expir'd,
Even in proposal: or sad overthrow
Hath blasted in attempt, thro' well-tim'd arts 55
Of purchas'd guile unthought of and unfear'd?
And say, my Seniors, if you can, what scene
Can blest retreat explore, where never trod
The foul fiend—where the shock'd eye never saw
Nor shook Experience at her as she past, 60
Strewing sharp thorns o'er beds of private bliss;
With cold hand with'ring joy; or plucking rude
The honest wreathes that grace the good man's brow.
These wear the human form—nay more, profess
Blasphemers vile! the Christian's sacred name: 65
That Name imports Benevolence and Truth;
For real Christians, like the summer morn

Are open, undissembled, and their deeds
Of love, more fragrant than the flow'ry spring.

MUCH of Religion's form, the Hypocrite 70
Assumes, tho' stranger to its godlike pow'r;
No ritual day, that public pray'r convenes,
He passes unobserv'd; attendant there
With eyes uplifted, smiting on his breast
And calling deep groans thence, he plays his part; 75
Creeds he repeats in all their ample round:
And should, on deeds of moral worth intent,
His Brother pass these slightly or omit,
To fiercest Hell he damns him; tho' his name
Be to the poor as music; and his life 80
By virtue's panoply defended, leave
No mark for slander's venom'd darts to wound.
Thus EDMOND*, who of *Britain's* fairest age
Bright'ned the glory, at whose hallowed tomb

* SPENSER still ranks highest among the Poets, with all those who
either come of *that house*, or have any kindness for it. HURD.

All genuine bards, I ween, pay homage low, 85
 Curs'd *Archimage* depicts, enchanter fell,
 Who from fair *Una*'s ever spotless charms
 The red-cross Knight allur'd — (by many a woe
 Grievous tormented). Pious seeming sage,
 As Heav'n were all his thoughts, Devotion's Book 90
 Still in his hand, and Ave's on his tongue.

BUT what this noise for modes, this strife of zeal,
 And bitterness of Party — Hell's delight !
 If chance they frown upon his wordly gain ?
 Not e'en a whisper of defence is heard : 95
 Or e'er a day hath mark'd its circling hours,
 They swell as loudly 'gainst those very forms,
 Condemn'd as folly, trampled on as vain,
 While the, deluded vulgar stand a gape :
 As tho' some mountain, from its basis torn, 100
 O'er the wide vale with sweepy ruin spread.

IN politics, like *FABIUS* in the field

He moves deliberate. Subject to a Prince,
 The friend of Freedom and her rights divine,
 Like thee, good BRUNSWIC, her deputed guard, 105
 He pleads her cause, and hails its great defence;
 When Treason skulks in corners, when the voice
 Of discontent, hoarse murmuring is lost,
 (Like a faint groan amidst the shouts of war)
 In Loyalty's glad echoes. But should once 110
 Rebellion issue from her gloomy den
 Breathing destruction, and the maddened race
 Of villainous Revolt presume to threat
 Law's beauteous fabric, silent as the winds
 Hush'd waiting the behests of Æolus, 115
 Which way to rage, on Doubt's light keel he's tost;
 Or as the scene grows dark oft hinteth low
 Traiterous Intention in the party ear.
 Should vict'ry's laurel crown the righteous spear,
 " Light, light the festal blaze, and may the sound 120
 " Of loud-tongu'd triumph thro' the Cities ring,
 " Let echo answer from her hundred cells,

“ To Industry’s free carol. Beauteous peace
 “ Returns, he cries: Truth vindicates her cause,
 “ Nor Heav’n proves deaf to steady trusting pray’r.” 125

DEATH heeds not Monarchs—Should the scepter’s sway *
 Fall to a Tyrant, whose dark ministers
 Are wild ungovern’d lust, oppression fierce,
 And ever griping ’till the poor sweat blood:
 Kindles pretension into real zeal 130
 Now as occasion calls it?—Is the tongue
 Fraught with strong eloquence to plead—the arm
 Ready to lift its service at her call?
 Mark the late boaster, and in him be mark’d
 The copy of his kind—in ev’ry form 135
 Deceivers—Of assurance certain plague;
 Think him not thine, O LIBERTY! thy charms
 Which strike the virtuous and the wise, on him

* If I was not assured that the author’s descriptions are general, I should make no doubt but he referr’d to the ambiguous conduct of some great Persons in the year 1745, and beginning of 1746. But the satyr will fit those in any season who act from other motives than those of inflexible integrity. MARVEL. Jun.

Make no impression. Stronger claims advance
 Of wealth and gaudy grandeur. With the herd 140
 Of timid flattery he goes — the first;
 And on his knee thy sacred chart resigns.

SHORT is Diffimulation's summer day:

The monster will Discovery explore
 Tho' rapt in scarlet, and with silver tongue 145
 Pleading for Virtue; or in tatter'd weeds
 False mourning Poverty. A miser base!
 Then Infamy with scourge of thousand knots
 Harrows the fore; 'till by Contempt hurl'd down
 In dark Oblivion's gulph, he sinks for aye. 150

BUT what would Reason estimate of Gain,
 Tho' Cunning ever could on man impose?
 Opprest by turpitude's enormous heap
 Conscience unresting groans. And what avails
 Art's thin wove fence 'gainst Heav'n's pervading eye! 155

O 'tis a life of misery extreme,
 Of thorny doubt, of heart distracting fear!
 It's period sad; wild horror and despair
 Are its precursors—fiercest fiends that howl
 Around the death-bed and complete it's woe. 160

ABOVE the Sun and *starry wheel* of Night,
 In majesty entron'd ineffable,
 Where the Supreme his Glory chief displays;
 The trump of Angels, the exalted song
 Of Cherub and of Seraphim, receive 165
 From *Truth* their value all their harmony,
 That in the ear of God accepted sounds:
 Best dignity of man, in every state
 The bond of Union, Friendship's vital breath,
 Religion's holy incense, and the guard 170
 Of steady-dealing Justice be rever'd;
 Thy lovely Empire o'er mankind extend,
 Let rebel passions bow before thy throne,
 And banish Falshood to her native hell.

BUT whither am I borne! my feeble muse 175
Scarce fledg'd, to lift young *Fancy's* lightest strain,
Sinks with the burden of a moral theme.
Kind Theme, howe'er it lends me my excuse;
For who is *perfect* or in Life or Song,—
Be *Truth* my Laurel, I expect no more! 180

FIX'D on good-meaning, as a marble base,
The MAN SINCERE ne'er varies with the turn
Of faithless Fortune; if with adverse hand
She pluck her gifts from Competence, and cast
With sudden tempest the tormented bark 185
Prone on some rock resistless, at whose helm
As swift she glided o'er the glassy plain,
Care had fate vacant, and *Hope* cheer'd with Song;
He stays not for the narrative of woe,
Counting each circumstance to force regard, 190
Distress hath all of motive—and that Heav'n
Hath giv'n him means to help—ensures the deed.

NOR pines SINCERITY at others rise,
 She carols in Contentment's quiet cell
 The song of joy for merit's just advance. 195
 If rais'd herself, no distant rank can veil
 Former attachments : more extensive pow'r
 Declares how principle informs the soul,
 And draws the Angel forth to fairer view :
 Then cordial Friendship in her zenith shines, 200
 Cheering the low vales, and each humble flow'r,

LET flatt'ry's fawn be aw'd, strife's din unheard,
 Suspicion banish'd, and of scornful eye
 Pert self-sufficiency youth's peculiar bane
 Whose lead is overthrow.— — To thee I pour, 205
 To thee propitious friendship oft my song
 And all my heart.—For not the melody
 Awak'd by languishment in odorous bow'rs
 For the charm'd ear of Sultan, not the hymns
 Sung by young Angels to expiring Saints 300
 Are sweeter than thy voice; and thine the soul

Of Prudence, mild Benevolence and Truth.
 Thee riot knows not; from her orgies far
 Flying abhorrent; scenes of outrage dark
 Aye flying from the narrow minded herd 305
 Who know no Deity but Self, nor feel
 The warm dilation of a social joy.
 Away; the Muse disclaims you, But O come
 With look of kindness, and the spotless breast
 Woe's light'ner, Pleasure's sharer and encrease! 310
 As honour strengthens honour, manly sense
 Grac'd with good Humour heightens and delights.
 Come, in thine hand, lead Confidence a youth
 Of eye brisk sparkling, Heir of virtuous deeds;
 A simple *rustic* to the Great unknown. 315
 Lead Science pensive fair one; that around
 Views sovereign Nature, then reflective search
 Turns inward on herself applying truths!
 * In all her Majesty of charms she comes;

* L'amitié est faite pour le sage; les cœurs vils & corrompus n'y ont
 aucun droit l'homme puissant a des esclaves l'homme riche a des flatteurs
 l'homme de genie a des admirateurs, le sage seul a des amis. Monf.
 THOMAS.

As once in Groves off Academe beheld, 320
 Or on Aufonia's banks, with moral worth
 Her noblest confort, if Horatio hears:
 SINCERITY is Love's imperial seal;
 Gives worth to passion and a date to Joy:
 Without it praise of Beauty is affront; 325
 Or wound inflicted with a poison'd barb.
 Ye lovely Nymphs of Albion's blooming Isle
 Nature's first fav'rites! Beauty's Paragons!
 (For uncontending Gallia's painted Dames
 And soft Ateste's pleasure languid Nymphs 330
 The golden prize resign;) secure your charms
 May reverence guard from the sharp-pointed ill
 Of Love by Fraud requited—from the touch
 Of viper-violation, who conceal'd
 By multiform-deceit winds round belief, 335
 'Till he can reach the heart: then honour droops
 Her beauteous head, and to the blatant beast
 Youth's growing glories fall a mournful prey.
 So round some rising tree the ivy twines
 As fond embracing when its clasp destroys. 340

Deceit still takes Profession's glozing tongue ;
Soothing simplicity with vows of Love
And Constancy eternal. " Shall the wing
" Of gentle zephyr wound the lilly's breast ?
" Inflam'd to fierceness shall the tender dove 345
" The terror of the twittering choir become ?
" When Phœbus climbing to the lucid twins
" Sends smiling Maia in her Camus green
" With song melodious cheering Nature's ear,
" Shall earth reluctant to the soft lore yield 350
" Hemlock for Hyacine and Violet sweet ?"
With caution, with suspicious caution hear
Beloved of the Muse ! Ye tott'ring tread
On safety's outline. 'Tis a beating pulse
Alone 'twixt Joy and Ruin.—Wanton mirth 355
Then strains her loudest note—where much she tells
Of plunder'd Innocence ; the fairest gem
Whose lustre lent to Paradise delight !
So shaggy monsters upon Libya's wild,
Snarling rejoice around their murder'd prey. 360

YET not in *all* the evil Genius prompts.
 Hides the fly serpent by the greenwood paths
 To seize on heedless passenger?—There dwell
 The Throftle and the Finch of tuneful throat:
There cooes the Turtle to his constant mate. 365
 So some we own, as meek ey'd Duty mild;
 As *transport* warm, as bleeding Faith sincere.
 Thus among brambles filken roses rise;
 Thus on the thick night some superior stars
 Dart a clear radiance from their ample orbs. 370
 Let the light liking that on surface dwells,
 Stranger to aught more worthy than resides
 In an eye's sparkle, or health-painted cheek
 Fade in its morn, and in aversion set—
 Love, more ambitious, reaches to the mind, 375
 Beauty unfading—from attraction soft
 Of form, it rises on the firm support
 Of *manners elegant*—nor this can change
 With wanton hand affect—his fairy scenes
 Regardless play before it: Nor in shades 380

Of absence sinks it on oblivion's bed.
 Years give it glory, not impair it's charms,
 As from her copious caverns memory brings
 Gladning review, youth's ardour heighten'd deeds
 Of blest endearment—pleasure's plumed hours ! 385
 Age smoothes his brow to her oft-cited tales
 Attentive : and to friendship's calmer notes
 Enjoyment beats in constant unison. —

FANCY's loose keys with every touch resound :
 Love hath a nobler frame. One pow'r alone 390
 Wakes the full harmony. Affections wild
 Collected by esteem, with deep'ned course,
 Point to one object.—As some river god
 Calls in his little wanderers, that delight
 To wind their flow course by the daisy'd banks 395
 Of meadows trim, and tributary pours
 To Amphitrite in majestic flow.
 Such love there is, let raillery be dumb,
 Let four recluseness to her cave retire

Banning enjoyment. Virtue hence attains 400
 New vigour ; and by sweetness bland array'd
 Wisdom appears with more attractive charms.
 You then (nor let pert censure interpose
 A false word) would I honor in my lay
 Horatio mine, and ever virtue's boast ; 405
 And Lucia thee, his ornament and choice !
 Blest pair encircl'd with the golden bond
 Of constancy that holds to life's last pulse,
 In mutual zeal by young affections form'd !
 Studious to please, no peevishness annoys 410
 Your sweet enjoyments. Anger never sounds
 Her rough horn, in the peace enamour'd feat,
 Nor black distrust, or gnawing jealousy
 Ever have enter'd there—but meek content
 That lives to reason, happy confidence, 415
 Daily improving, are your lovely guests.
 This paradise renew'd may angels guard
 Vigilant : and there, may Hope's sweet-warbling bird
 Chant her soul-cheering song as life descends.

WHAT to the hero on the tented field 420
Gives reputation? foreign is the boast
Of a fine army, and the Phalanx deep,
Mean in comparison superior skill.
It is the cause, the patriot stirring soul,
Warm'd for a people's welfare; that the rights 425
Of freedom seeking, with a noble scorn
Struggles thro' toil, nor shrinks at sternest death.
Such were the chiefs that from Eurota's banks
Intrepid march'd to war, of various names;
Such the firm band that with Leonidas, 430
Of peerless virtue, in the cause of Greece,
At fam'd Thermopylæ with triumph fought,
Embattled Asia, Macedon, and Thrace:
Triumph'd and fell—to live in endless praise.

THIS laurel virtue twin'd round WILLIAM's head, 435
In early life engag'd for Belgia's weal;
This crown'd his ardor on Hibernia's plain:
Such by the silver flood Mona GEORGE

Confirm'd—when Gaul her sanguine tresses tore,
And Seine's deep caves resounded to despair. 440
This worth hath FREDERIC, wonder of mankind.
In Potsdam's groves, where every muse conven'd,
As erst at Athens—with a chosen few
Planning Germania's weal, intent he fate :
Or on his golden lyre to noble themes 445
Drew down celestial melody : while joy
Stood smiling by, and social life receiv'd
More lovely manners, and a brighter form.
On him thus great, thus peaceful *envy* cast
Her livid eye ; ambition vow'd his fall, 450
And fir'd by bigotry her slaves combin'd
In countless legions, dark intrigues they held
Ere burst the blasting storm ; but vainly seek
The unjust concealment. His deep-searching eye
The hell-form'd scheme disclos'd. At once he rose 455
Girded the sword of liberty—his bands
Fir'd by their leader, fearless take the field.
What dangers has he fac'd, what feats perform'd

In battles, marches, sieges, time shall tell,
 Each word a wonder to the rising age. 460
 Yet still the hostile league remains*: New strength,
 Gathers incessant sworn to ruthless war;
 Assist him, Providence, the work is thine!
 O grant another Rosbach to his arm,
 And hurl contempt upon the coward foe! 465

O'ER private pleasure's narrow orbit far
 Observe the Minister thro' all his round
 Of service faithful.—Wisdom and bright zeal
 Concentrate their blest beams to form his sphere
 Brilliant:—for him the taste-refining arts 470
 Their sweetest chaplets twine; what time fair Peace
 Spreads wide her olive, and invites the swain
 Beneath the smiles of property to till

* This was written soon after the affair at Hochkirchen. The surprising recovery, and final triumph of the Prussian Monarch, over a bigotted, and most powerful hostile confederacy, may be a standing lesson of the superintendence of providence, and the vanity of human ambition.

The grateful glebe: or tune his boxen flute
To Leisure's love song, in the hay-mown vale. 475
By Themis taught the coinciding rights,
If right explain'd (tho' often made to jar
By pride, and adulation, and mistake)
Of government and liberty, the laws
Of justice and security he frames: 480
Or from the code what reason marks absurd
With generous hand expunges. Should fierce war
Ascend her iron car, and blow her trump,
At liberty's demand, the fresh morn wakes
Upon him deep employ'd; nor yet the call 485
Of purple Hesper from his care invites
This watchman for the world: and his vast views
Astonish in performance first display'd.
No bribes allure him, he despises gold:
No dangers fright him, for he follows right: 490
No factions move him, for he knows them knaves:
Nor friends unfaithful; for he knows mankind.
If lull'd by luxury, whose syren arts

Sap grandeur's basis and unnerve the arm
 Of right dispensing pow'r, a people lie 495
 Wanton, effeminate, and unalarm'd.
 Tho' ruin swift impends—or if alarm'd
 They prove but fools of faction and despair.
 O for some great soul now! and see he comes
 To wake the languid, animate the cold, 500
 Confirm the valorous, and example all.
 Thro' rank to rank the new-born spirit spreads
 Of truth and honour—burst the slavish bands
 Of close corruption—party stills its roar;
 And triumph lends to unity his lyre. 505
 Description fails my purpose: but rejoice,
 * Rejoice, Britannia, that such worth adorns
 Restores thy favour'd land—to nobler bards
 In future times the theme—and history's grace
 'Till nature sinks, and nations are no more. 510

* The reader will recollect that happy season when Virtue, professed-
 ly, was held in universal esteem.

Be virtue honour'd here : but not from earth
 Or aught that with it's short scenes terminates
 Doth human excellence, it's full worth draw.
 A plan of duties, *personal, divine,*
Sincerity produces, by the hand
 Of seraph *piety* inscrib'd ; and these
 She bids the muse recite, tho' rough her tone.

" SINCE first obedience lost her spotless robe,
 " Foul passions have prevail'd : and sacred truth
 " By few invok'd, dwelt little with mankind.
 " Yet some by clear investigation led,
 " The mental Euphrasy, thro' error's gloom
 " Piercing descry'd the lovely-featur'd fair ;
 " Sincere 'gainst tyrant's rage, and custom's plea.
 " Heav'n too commission'd many a faithful seer
 " With messages important, far above
 " Philosophy's hard lore, they taught the world
 " Truths practical, divine. Some minds to these
 " With all my ardor list'ned, and were blest ;

" Tho' rare the number who from pleasure's arms, 530
 " Or superstition's magic fetters broke;
 " But brighter years arrive—immortal love
 " Is inexhausted: let the earth exult,
 " Bloom all her vallies, all her mountains bleat,
 " And flow more musical her limpid streams, 535
 " While favour'd Man his reason's offering brings.
 " JESUS descends from the bright realms of bliss,
 " From glory's elevation, to restore
 " Virtue's lost honours, to establish pure
 " Religion's Temple, on the pillars firm 540
 " Of universal nature! and the scheme
 " Of all the Godhead's Wisdom. Here my sons,
 " My advocates bow down! Let sweet-tongu'd Praise
 " Catch the grand theme from Angel's warbling harps,
 " And set it to her lyre: Spread, spread the sound 545
 " From North to farthest Ind—let all the nations
 " Live in this light—and in this love rejoice.

" THIS is your Lord alone: nor let false man
 " Who dares corrupt what Wisdom's self reveal'd,
 " Tho' pow'r-supported, with the robes adorn'd 555
 " Of Science sacred, by the crowd ador'd,
 " (Credulity's aw'd caitiffs)—move your feet,
 " Your homage alienate, or win your hand
 " Approving to the scroll by Falshood fram'd.

" FOR what these interests, earth's emoluments, 555
 " To the calm blessings of an honest heart?
 " What mortal praise, to God's approving smile?
 " Or pride's full wish, to the *assured* hope
 " In him propitious? Can the impious hand
 " Stay yon grand Luminary's order'd course, 560
 " Or one of the ten thousand golden orbs
 " Pluck from the Car of Night? At human call
 " Will one small rivulet rise; or life's flight thread
 " Assume a stronger texture? Madness all
 " To yield to mortals then the rights of heav'n! 565

" MALICE may bark unnotic'd—and the tongue
 " Of party frenzy pour her foul reproach—
 " Should persecution kindle and unloose
 " Her blood-hounds, as infernal furies fierce,
 " Unsparring—my well-lesson'd mind rejoice 570
 " In new supports with ev'ry trial found.
 " Array'd in Reason's armor—with the shield
 " Of Piety : a diamond perfect, pure,
 " And unimpressive—firm the hero stands,
 " Or falls a martyr, and—o'ercomes the world. 575

" SUCH CHRISTIANITY hath greatly form'd,
 " Faithful, unbiaf'd, persevering, good.
 " By bigot rage in dungeons dark immur'd,
 " With chains oppress'd, or at the kindled pile,
 " Who smil'd on terror, and out weary'd pain. 580
 " Secure of bliss immortal in the skies,
 " Their grateful hymns rose musical in woe,
 " Not less harmonious, than if ease-reclin'd

" By murmuring stream, or long-resounding grove,
 " They to the liquid lapse, or trilling lay. 585
 " Attun'd the rural reed: calm as when night
 " In silence woo'd the world, they erst pursu'd,
 " In meditation high, God's will reveal'd;
 " Man's prime felicity—nor fear'd the step
 " Of dark intrusion, on the chosen hour. 590

" TRUTH is immortal good: with warm desire
 " Invoke her presence, and her guiding hand
 " Obey. Whether in public order'd state
 " She trails her purple, and in jewels blaze,
 " Or as more frequent, with the few, despis'd, 595
 " She dwells inglorious, rarely visited!
 " Discarding *Prejudice*, the bastard child
 " Of *self-sufficiency*, and of *ignorance* mean,
 " Tho' foster'd long as beauty's genuine care,
 " Declare her dignity—the Queen of Hope! 600
 " The minds sublimity, and sweetest joy.

"NATHANIEL, thus on sacred record shines,
 "Great above heroes—by th' unerring voice
 "Of Wisdom so pronounc'd—BEHOLD, HERE COMES
 AN ISRAELITE INDEED, WHOSE VIRTUOUS MIND
 NO GUILT CONTAMINATES.—May such a name
 Be given to me by this my judge supreme
 Teach me divine *Eusebeia*, and preserve
 My heart from all impurity. With man
 Let clear uprightness guide my ways and views.
 Respecting God—ne'er let presumption lift
 Th' unhallow'd hand of cold formality,
 Or raise my eyes to heav'n. May firm belief
 Of absolute dependence on his will—
 Excite my deepest reverence: and the good
 I feel, and suited to my wants implore,
 Give energy to prayer.—Then shall my song
 Declare my heart—and the low-bended knee
 Be the faint emblem of my humbler soul,

To Him, whose eye the universe pervades, 620
 Who knows the heart of Man, his distant thoughts;
 And to the hecatomb of pride prefers
 The sigh of penitence:—before whose throne
 The pow'rs celestial cast their golden crowns:
 Great God of Truth immutable and Love 625

FINIS.

Be the faint emblem of my humbler soul,
 Declare my heart—and the wounded knee
 Give energy to prayer.—
 I feel, and suited to my wants implore